

# **My Trial**

## **A look inside the mind of a wounded soul**



I have been laying wounded in a WWI hospital in Paris\* most my adult life. The wound has become infected and the medical treatment seems to be standard 1918 treatment. My family and friends visit me, but they are not aware of the hospital I am in and see no infected wound in my heart. They may not even believe I am in such pain. I speak to all from my WWI hospital bed while my visitors see me walking around in and participating in the current, modern American world.



I see something strange while laying in my hospital bed and then make a comment to those around me. My visitors look around the current modern landscape and do not understand my words or my

visions. This happens over and over. Just as my visitors do not understand my behavior, I too find I am living in a deep, dense fog, also not understanding my behavior or life.

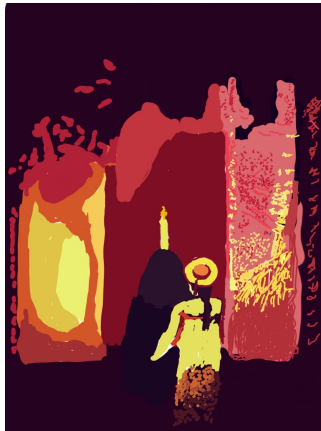


In time my hospital visitors determine that I need modern day social treatment. I get told what I should do in this modern life and hear comments when I do not live up to their standards. I look around my 1918 Paris hospital bed and wonder how I can follow their desires. I turn to joking to defend myself. My visitors explain that my jokes are not proper. I have no understanding what they mean or what their negative reactions are based on.

I change my personality to exclude the humor that I am told is not proper. I feel sadness because I feel I am losing physical limbs and vital organs. I am no longer my original self. I don't know who I am and the 1918 medical staff have no answers for my healing. I withdraw from the modern world that my visitors live in. I just lay and sleep in my hospital bed, trying to ignore what do not understand.



In time, I find that when my visitors randomly mention someone who has an accident or in some way is wounded and I am triggered. My voice rises, I feel unnatural excitement and start talking without knowing who my audience is. I get told to lower my voice. I get told to stop repeating myself. Finally, I am told to stop talking. I'm still triggered, but I am left to myself in my hospital bed feeling shame.



One day a modern doctor shows up at my WWI hospital bed. He sees my wound. He tells me I need to leave the hospital and find a modern doctor who is experienced in infected wounds. I strive to leave the hospital, but when I share my story of being wounded, doctors and others cannot believe I have been in Paris and was wounded in WWI. I approach people who should help me and I feel great rejection.

I am striving to heal and come home to my family and friends. I have not arrived yet. I still need to find

that experienced doctor. This is my trial and I need to take responsibility for my own healing.



\* My Grandfather Lougee left Paris Idaho to serve in WWI. He was wounded and spent much of the war in Paris France hospital. At the end of the war he returned to Paris Idaho. He must have felt some trauma

because for the rest of his life he never would talk about the time he had been in France. I have modeled my experience on his particular situation.